SOME NEW BOOKS.

Spanish California

It is not at first glance obvious that a ew history of California meets a long elt want. Is there not Bancroft, you say to yourself, and does not Bancroft tell everything? True, Bancroft is exhaustive and his work invaluable. Much of the part which hands down oral tre-'mply could not be done over again f. 'e were to begin now, while no new history of any part of the development of California can be written without recourse to the remarkable Bancroft Library. The aim of HENRY NORTON, the author of The Story of California (A. C. McClurg and Com-pany), is modest. In view of the certainty that the great majority of people who need or care to know something of the history of California will not read Bancroft he undertakes to tell them what they really need to know in a modest twelvemo of less than 400 pages Possibly there is something of the same scope already extant, though hardly brought so closely down to date. any rate, the story is here told, from the landing of Cabrillo, the emissary of Cortes, in 1542, down to the conviction of Abe Ruef and the confession of the McNamaras. It is well planned, the apportionment of space to each phase of the development and the detail in which that phase is presented commending itself as duly proportioned to the general curiosity about the particular subject. It is told with spirit and animation. even though with so much of partisanship, when the story comes down to the "Lincoln Roosevelt League," as fails to inspire confidence in the author's impartiality. The utmost diffidence in his accuracy is inspired when one has sed the statement on page 216 that on January 1, 1849, "the population of California was 26,000, of whom half were Californians and the remainder Americans and foreigners," and that "during the year over 100,000 people came into the State," only to come, on page 232, on the statement that at the time of the gold discovery, (January, 1848) there were about 10,000 people in California, of whom 2,000 were Americans while a year and a half later the population of the territory had increased to This is a sufficiently startling blunder; but to avoid the imputation of what Charles Reade called "the shamsample swindle" the reviewer is fain to add that it is not typical but highly exceptional; indeed, according to his ob

No part of the book is more interesting than the early chapters, which describe the founding and the work of the Spanish missions. Our author quotes Emerson that an institution is he lengthened shadow of one man, and finds the one man of the missions in Junipero Serra, who founded San Diego in 1769 and eight more missions before his death in 1784, and was created "Fa-California. This devout and zealous Franciscan had the wisdom of the serpent, though his adversaries, who were commonly the jealous wielders of the secular arm, denied him the innocence the dove. But such policy as he emwith the natives must be forgiven him in view of the absolute unselfishness of his aim. His conflicts with the civil authorities were forced upon him. Contrary to what happened in most colonizations, in which the work of the State was inseparable from that of the Church, the Spanish Governors were jealous of the missions and esired to build up the pueblos or secu-But lar settlements at their expense. it is noticeable that Serra had the support, as against the secular authorities, of Bucareli, one of the most enlightened and statesmanlike of the long list of Mexican viceroys, whose memory is still revered in the country over which he ruled. Our author makes deductions, some of which seem to be in the nature of cavils, from the credit d to the Franciscans. He impeaches them for an ignorance of sanitation, which was common to them with all the world, at least with all the Spanish world, in their time. The rate of mortality at the missions was very high and epidemics were frequent and calamitous. But there is no evidence that the missions were not as salubrious as the habitations of the "gentiles" outside, or as the pueblos, such as in those

servation, unique.

early days they were. He assumes that the purpose of the missions was "to teach, civilize and christianize the Indians and to fit them for citizenship in the Spanish colonies of Alta, California," and condemns them for not attaining this purpose. Of course they did not attain it. They had not "de quot" in the way of human material. But in fact their first aim was to save the souls of their dusky converts, and in the second to provide for their bodily needs. The one adstage which their charges offered for this purpose was that they were unwarlike. They proved much more tractable to the ecclesastical than to the secular authorities. On the material side the success of the missionaries was brilliant. As Mr. Norton puts it: "The civil and military portion of the settlements could have been removed with little effect upon the history or development of the country; to have taken the missions away from Spanish California would have left nothing." Very likely mary of the converts were what s known in China as "rice converts." But there was this great difference, that was the product of their own labor that subsisted the Mexican converts and not the contributions of the benevolent in other lands. It was their labor, and their unforced labor, since it was lways open to them to run away, that tended the herds and raised the crops and reared, under the direction of priests who had to be their own architects, the mission buildings which were the only onuments of their period in the remains of which anybody can take any

Peace prevailed within the jurisdiction of the missionaries, peace and rude plenty. The "pious fund" originally contributed to the Jesuits, turned ove the Dominicans of Lower California and to the Franciscans of upper California when the Jesuits were exfrom Mexico, confiscated by Santa Ana in 1842 and restored to the Church, with interest, by the award of the Hague tribunal in 1902, furnished the meagre original outfit of the missubsistence and \$400 for travelling exthe fund \$1,000 for equipment. Animals re drawn from the increase of those at the older misions, not in profusion When San Gabriel, San Antonio and San Buenaventura were founded three hens were sent to each, but only one cock for all three. Nevertheless. ons throve mightily. They taught agriculture to the converts, insomuci that the food supply not only of the but of the pueblos or villages and of the presidios or splittary reservations came from this imported for the missions, which were source. They even introduced the sim-

ple manufactures that urgently needed, such as hats and candles. Such was the devotion and such the best estate of the missions 25,000 baptized Indians were at one time inhabitants of the missions. The Franciscans never took title to the land, since they were vowed to poverty collectively as well as individually. But they worked it to such advantage that the twenty-one missions among them owned 230,000 cattle, the hides and horns of the progeny of which formed the only marketable product of Cali-fornia in the days of Dana and "Two Years before the Mast"; 40,000 horses and mules, the progeny of which mounted all the Indian equestrian tribes; 300,000 head of smaller animals poultry perhaps included, and raised in a year some 125,000 bushels of grain. If the missions had been a mundane exploitation they would have had to be acknowledged as a great success. kept the peace. The small Spanish guard allowed to each was superfluous. They constituted the greatest success in the history of Spanish colonization, the most shining exception to the rule of the Spaniard of stripping the country he occupied of the precious metals in the shortest time, even at the cost of exterminating the natives, sending home to Spain what he did not see his way to retaining for himself. It was the success of the missions which aroused the envy and cupidity of

the lay Spanish exploiters and made

them agitate, from an early date in the

colonial history of California, for a

secularization of the religious foundations. Doubtless these would have gone ong ago under the pressure of an alien kind of development and civilization. The friars themselves always avowed and quite possibly sincerely cherished the intention of relinquishing the land appertaining to the missions to its native owners, and of themselves moving on to fresh fields, so soon as their converts were to be trusted to take care of themselves. Mr. Norton seems to find some subtlety in the pretence of the missionaries that that time had not arrived, even while admitting that Yt was not a false pretence. In fact the time never came, and the Californian Indian was much better off under the tutelage of the friars than he would have been if left, either in California or n Mexico, to his own devices and desire is a self-governing citizen. The cupidity of the laity, aided in some measure by that of the regular clergy, began the gitation for secularization as early as 1783, when the oldest of the missions was only fourteen years of age. In 1813 the Spanish Cortes enacted that all missions ten years old should be handed over to the bishops and the regular clergy. But there were no regular elergy available to take charge of them and no attempt was made to enforce the law until 1821, when the Mexican Governor ordered the transfer and it was postponed by the action of the bishop concerned, who considered that t might better await the founding of a stable government in Mexico. In 1828 he Spanish friars, including the Franciscans, were expelled from Mexico, and the Californian friars left to shift for themselves. In 1830 a law of the Mexican republic ordered the immediate seclarization of the missions. This decree was executed with wanton cruelty, barbarity and wastefulness, and the last state of the mission Indians was immeasurably worse than the first. fact, however it may have been with the Indians of Mexico, the Indians of

the change from the Spanish monarchy

to the Mexican republic. Spain had

been to them, so far as its civil govern-

ment was concerned, an unjust step-

mother. But Mexico left them almost completely to themselves. They were

not the sort of people who could be thus left. The North American colonists throve under the "wise and salutary neglect" ngland. The native Californians re verted to barbarism as soon as the protection of the Spanish missionaries was withdrawn from them. Californa became a derelict. Mexico did little b yond making it a penal colony for Mexican convicts, with the result of substituting hatred for apathy in the minds of the Californians and stimulating uprisings against the Mexican yoke such as there had never been against the Spanish. There was a conflict, such as marks the early history of so many North American States, as to the establish ment of the capital, the rival claimants being San Diego and Monterey. No body suggested any place north of the latter, though Dana in 1836 had predicted that if a great city should ever arise upon the Pacific coast it would stand upon the shore of the Bay of San Francisco. The dispute was compro mised but by no means composed by the selection of Los Angeles. Mexico never really governed nor made any attempt at governing California, which was kep quiet if not exactly orderly by the same peaceable temper of its people to which the missionaries had been indebted. Of course it was more or less an object of desire to foreign nations. Although European nations were warned off by the promulgation of the Monroe Doc trine in 1823 Russia had established trading station for furs early in the nineteenth century fifty miles north of San Francisco on land "bought" from the Indians for "three blankets, three pairs of breeches, three hoes, two axes and some trinkets," and still further northward had established a fort in 1812. The ostensible object of these acquisi tions was to raise supplies for the people engaged in the fur trade in Alaska. But the settlements never amounted to any

Capt. Sutter for his proposed Swiss colony at Sacramento. So remote and unfriended was California in the latter days of the threatened Spanish rule that in 1818 a little squadron of warships from Buenos Ayres came up the coast, bombarded Monterey, wrecked its houses and plundered its inhabitants, and sailed away unharmed. The empire of Iturbide and the establishment of the Fed eral republic in Mexico alike left California unmoved. Californians cheerfully and ceremonially swore allegiance to each of them and with equal alacrity to the new government established under the constitution of 1846. But it soon became clear that the coast was a sions in animals and tools. It was a the mercy of whatever Power chose to frugal store. Every frier in charge take it. The capture of Monterey by Capt. Jones, U. S. N., in 1842 with a landing party of fifteen marines was enses. Every new mission drew from a mistake arising from his having heard that the United States was already a war with Mexico. Although the too when he was apprised of his error, and withdrew after saluting the Mexican flag, he had shown how defenceless the coast really was. California drowsed and dawdled on until the war really came, employing herself a little with agriculture, but mainly in pastoral pursuits; finding her "money crop" in myriads of cattle, the progeny of those

thing, and in 1839 all the belongings of

the fort that were of value were sold to

set forth in "Two Years Before the Mast." She might have drowsed on indefinitely longer if the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo had not been so shortly followed by the discovery of gold. The Argonaut of '49 was the fairy prince, little as he looked like one, who was destined to wake the sleeping beauty There were old Spanish Californians who looked back with regret to her long siesta, and one of the most respectable and engaging of these, Guadalupe Vallejo, made himself their spokes-man when he wrote: "It seems to me that there never was a more peaceful and happy people on the face of the earth than the Spanish, Mexican and Indian population of Alta California before the American conquest."

The rush of the gold diggers recalls the old story of the farmer who dreamed that gold lay under his fruit trees, and realized his dream by digging for the treasure until he found it in the in-creased value of his crop. There was no notion of the agricultural possibilities of the new State and of the supply which it could yield until the demand came in the persons of the miners said in the Senate: "There may be in California, now made free by its constitution, and no doubt there are, some tracts of valuable land." This estimate now seems ludicrously "conservative," but the orator is not to be blamed for that, on any information that was accessible to him then. In fact, it was not until 1854 that the State raised a sufficient supply of food for its artificially increased population. It was long afterward before it was generally recognized that it could grow in perfection all the products of the temperate and some of the torrid zone and that gold was far from being its most valuable

Of the agricultural development California Mr. Norton does not fail to give account, as well as of the political and social. He has made a valuable compendium of the history of California as a State, including the Pacific railroads, the Chinese question, the prog ress and suppression of mob rule, the constitution of 1879 and all the He is duly sensible of the corruption induced by the railroads, possibly more so than of the corruption incidental to attacking them. The demagogue is one of the numerous natural products which attain their most luxuriant growth in the Golden State. All the same, he does edifying justice to Kearny and Kearnysm, as well as to the more modern recrudescence of Kearnyism in the I. W. W. These things are necessary to the completeness of his "story," but they are at once more familiar and less picturesque than that part of it which deals with California before the American conquest, which our old Spanish Californian so deeply deplored.

A Frenchman on English Crases. M. PHILIPPE MILLET, the author of lenny s'en va-t-enguerre (Bernard Grasset, Paris), is a clever Parisian ournalist who has enjoyed a bewildering experience of London as the correspondent there of the Temps of Paris He has watched, with a curiosity not wholly sympathetic, the develop of what might be called three English epidemics, more familiarly, three Eng-lish crazes, effusions of English crankiness which would be impossible in

France. In his capacity of Frenchman anxious to understand he has tried to psychologize the emotions underlying them. He has embodied the result of his studies in the three documents sation. the Indians of Mexico, the Indians of Which compose this volume. "Jenny California were in no way benefited by Soes to war" is of course an account fragettes: "The King's Death" of the funeral of Edward VII.; while "Revival" pertains to the evangelistic work of the American Dr. Torrey and Mr. The uprising of the suffragettes is

not, one may observe, so extremely un-French as the author assumes. One reknitting under the guillotine while enjoying the sight of the heads of their enemies falling into the basket. One recalls the "Insurrection of Women." which forms the subject of one of Car lyle's best chapters. Emmeline Pank. hurst, in the light of history, appears as but a discreet and rather prudish British version of Demoiselle Theroigne And in fact the menads who marched to Versailles and stormed the legislative palace put more effective pressure on the National Assembly than the British bacchantes have yet, for all their outrages, succeeded in bringing to bear on the House of Commons. M. Millet does not pretend that his psychology of militancy is satisfactory even to himself. Under a thin pretext of fiction, with even a "love interest," he merely ac cumulates instances which go to indicate that there are about as many motives to militancy as there are militant suffragettes, and that these motives range from acute misanthrophy to the mere desire for distraction, but in all cases are heightened into action by the consciousness of sympathy. It is a contribution, as indeed are the two other studies, to "the psychology of crowds." All the same it is written not merely to clarify the author's own view but rather to amuse than to instruct his readers, who cannot help finding the instances amusing, even though the reader be a suffragette in whom, almost by hypothesis, the sense of humor atrophied. It was a particularly happy thought to make a militant suffragette of the wife of the policeman Winterbottom, and to have her smash plate glass window in his balliwick He might have connived at her immunity for that offence if she had not com mitted the additional indiscretion of knocking out the front tooth of one o his colleagues. Her appeal to him is nevertheless not without pathos even though it may seem to have been borrowed from the story of Balaam: "Haven't I been a good wife to you all these years? Then why can't you leave me in the possession of my political convictions?" In his preface In his preface the author rather apologizes to the suffragettes, who, "whatever the men may think, have in some cases 'the sense of nuances,' and even have shown wit," and points out that his sense of fun has been indulged quite as much at the expense of their adversaries as at their own. This is true enough, for the pathetic helplessness of the male Briton in the face of the insurrection of the modern menads is

The psychology is considerably clearer of "La Mort du Roi." The gist of this account of a royal funeral is that per sonal loyalty to the sovereign is still great political as well as social force in England, and that in the case of a sovereign newly dead it takes on an aspect of superstitious veneration which s as incredible, it appears, to a Frenchman as it would be to an American "Never will a Yankee or a Frenchman author makes one of his English char His studies have been acters say. made from the demeanor of the middle

amusingly set forth.

the chorus of lamentation. What appear to be his own reflections he pru-dently imputes to a British journalist of his creation, a British journalist who has lived long on the Continent and is supposed to be emancipated from insular superstitions and who has his private reflections to make. "As Prince founded scrape." He went aboard the of Wales he was not good enough to flagship and begged the Admiral to purthrow to the dogs. He becomes King; sue. The reply was, "We must be con the royal legend makes him father of tented, we have done very well." the people, a hero. What was he in fact. A good result of average qualities and a man who had made the tour the eleventh to escape, when it has of himself.' That is already much, but that does not suffice for the legend. An Englishman, especially of the people, cannot resign himself to see his king as he is. He transfigures him as a lover transfigures the woman that he loves, and he cherishes his illusion." And at the end of the funeral procession, which in the course of which he had over some radical remarks from a stray Frenchman, he is made to observe: "That French cook was right He belongs to a country where there is an endeavor to reduce to a minimum Already in 1850 Daniel Webster had all conventional verities. In these islands the effort is to multiply them The new king has just ridden through the streets and already he is a great man. The French have made the hat red of lies the very basis of their socia life; thence comes their political weakness; thence also their strength, which consists in not stopping short of clear solutions. Great. Britain cherishes her traditional lies. It is very well to laugh, but the proof that the system is not so bad is that it has produced the British Empire." And, calling a cab for his newspaper office, he adds: us go and lie. After all, old England is worth a lie of complaisance."

"The Revival" will not have so much of novelty for American readers as the two other studies, or as it has for Frenchmen, whose "conferenciers" have not attained "Anglo-Saxon" results But it is equally with the two others a contribution to "the psychology of crowds," and the manner in which a revival, having once fairly started, works itself up is set forth with much subtlety of observation and skill of presentation. It takes a motto from William James: "The manifestations of the religious life often have a close relation with the subliminal life." It consists of an account of various appeals on the part of the convicted to the hesitating, in omnibuses, at tea parties and elsewhere, to attend the great meeting at Albert Hall, leading up to a description of the meeting itself. The like has often enough been done in print, but seldom so well and still more seldom from the same point of view. Readers that is to say readers of French, will find it well worth while. It appears that the author supplemented his studles of the revival in public by a private visit to one of the revivalists on what superficially admits to have been the false pretence that he desired to get his soul saved. "No Frenchman had ever manifested such a disposition, and the two American missionaries. who had made the tour of the planet had not even thought of stopping at Paris." So that the evangelist on whom he called showed his unexpected penifies for a strayed sheep." Truly it would have been a triumph to get M. Millet on the anxious seat. The reward of the stray French sheep (he calls it his punishment) was a novel senspeaking to me in the hall of the means of assuring my salvation I heard at of the procedure of the militant suf- the same time his voice in the next his pleasurable appreciation of room. For a moment I thought I had been stricken with mental alienation. It was, however, only a gramophone, which, to pass the time of other honored guests, was repeating in the parlor

one of the best sermons of my host."

By the very nature of its purpose and plan, sufficiently indicated in its title. Nelson in England: A Domestic Chronicle, by E. HALLAM MOORHOUSE (Dutton) is supplementary to the horde of existing books on the great English Admiral. incomplete in itself and dependent for its value on the extent to which the earlier books shall be found to have been incomplete lacking it. Assuming general knowledge of the facts of Nelson's career, the author rejects the help of a continuous narrative interest and busies herself with the less written up phases of the life of the hero of Trafalgar and the Nile. Instead of the boom of the Agamemnon's guns we hear the peace ful sounds of life in a Norfolk parsonage, and instead of reports of battles we read the naval warrior's letters home, in which he yearns frankly and frequently for "a neat cottage and the

There is telling of an Italian artist who met Nelson after the battle of the Nile, having undertaken a commission to paint a portrait for some of the Admiral's devoted officers. As he was observed to be making no preparations for his work, he was asked when operations were to commence. "Never." he exclaimed. "There is such a mixture of said to have been due not to her inhumility with ambition in Lord Nelson's countenance that I dare not risk the attempt." A foolish painter, for the obstacle was his opportunity will please those who know the hero, the warrior, the smoke wrapped moulder of battle fates, to have depicted for them the man in the humbler, more

commonplace relations of life. We remember perhaps more of Nel-son's personal courage, boldness in plan, sternness in command and devotion to England's cause than of his warmth of temperament, with its swift, un-British transitions between exaltation and de pression, his warm and unaffected re gard for his subordinates; more of his self-appreciation and almost bombastic reiterations of the formulas of patriot ism, "My country and my duty." than of his hunger for recognition. We know him as the lion affoat, taking big risks for victory, yet always calculating them coolly, considering less the enemy's bulk than his fighting spirit, England's "Man of Destiny" rather than as the leal child of rural Norfolk. Not to be maudlin, it was very human of him "to fret at peace and home when he had it and to yearn for it with heartbroken longings when war surrounded him." Such contradictions between impulse and ambition have been experienced by every one whose work is broken in upon by periods of inactivity, vacations voluntary or enforced.

A certain air of slap-dash, cool recklessness in emergency, a readiness to run the biggest risks at the crucial mo ment when there is no time for judgment to do its fine but slow gaited work and raw instinct takes the helm-these Lake Erie, Farragut damning the torpedoes and Dewey the less damnabl mines in Manila Bay-such a hero of personal presidence was Lord Horatio.

easy going Admiral Hotham's engagement with the French fleet in 1795: fleet on the 14th, that either the whole last notes to her this is typical: French fleet would have graced my triumph, or I should have been in a con-Capt Nelson's later comment was: had we taken ten sail, and had allowed been possible to have got her, I could never have called it well done." was a master of what is known in the "follow through." There, says the author, "speaks Nelson in his authentic

the Nile and the Baltic.' Many a captain in the fleets might have given vent to such proud sentiments, but few were destined so soot to give proof of superior mettle as it under Jervis, he made good his boast. power to give, and Jervis gave it generously." loes not know? We all read Southey grimage. when we were boys, however unthought of since: The twenty-seven Spanish ships bearing down in the mist on the fifteen Englishmen, one of them the Captain, with Nelson on her quarterdeck; the day's battling, Jervis's tactical oversight, and Nelson's remedy of it when on his own initiative he made the move that converted a colorless conflict into a substantial success. more important of course than the in lamentable lack of efficiency was the bringing to light of a genuine leader

for England's naval fortunes. Frances Lady Nelson, she that was Fanny Nisbet of Nevis in the Indies we must regard as the victim of fate. the premises. When they were married there was no reason to regard the match as in any respect regrettable or sown with covered seeds of unhappiness. Nelson had not been an ardent wooer; at the time of his engagement he named "esteem" a better basis for the marital relation than "love," and his highest praise for the lady emphasized her "amiability." If in response, later on, to the call of a temperament more ardent, more in sympathy with his own candescent and caloric makeup, his heart concealed the judgment of his head, it is hard perhaps to charge him with willing wrongdoing but impossible to blame Fanny Nisbet. The change was not in her.

No exercise of the intellectual faculties is less profitable than that which is aimed at the analysis of unhappy matings, and the author kindly spares us from the painful processes of decomposition dear to the chemists of unhappy matrimonial combination, while tent "the care that the Scripture testi- reporting the course of events. Mrs. Nelson's letters to her husband are in marked contrast to those of the fine old preacher, his father. The old gentleman, for all the sincere and simple piety of his attribution of the praise While Mr. Alexander was and glory to a supramundane source rejoiced right humanly in the triumphy of his son and gave warm expression to honors paid to his distinguished offspring. But his daughter-in-law wrote after St. Vincent:

What can I say to you about boarding You have been most wonderfully protected: you have done desperate actions enough. Now may I—indeed I do—beg that you • • I sincerely hope, my dear husband that all these wonderful and desperate actions, such as boarding ships, you will leave to others. With the protection of a Su preme Being, you have acquired a charac ter, or name, which all hands agree canno be greater; therefore, rest satisfied.

Surely wifely solicitude could have been expressed with less gelld treatment of a hero husband's assault on the citadels of fame and victory. Passages in the first volume of the "Diary" Frances Lady Shelley reprinted here pair interestingly with the account in the second volume of the domestic af fairs of the Wellingtons. In one of them the Countess Spencer tells of Nelson bringing his wife to dinner on the Coentess's invitation: "His attentions to her were those of a lover. He handed her to dinner, and sat by her; apologizing to me by saying that he was so little with her that he would not voluntarily lose an instant of her society.' His letters home from Italy soon at

terward were increasingly infrequent. cold and formal. When, disturbed, she failed on millions of acres now agricultural spoke of going to join him she was re buffed with scant courtesy, to say nothing of warmer emotions. That on his return. with the "divine Emma," she did not meet him at Yarmouth is here difference but to obedience to his explicit wish. He brought her gifts, but the gulf yawned: she vexed, suspicious hurt; he petulant, seemingly with the irritability characteristic of those who shift the burden of a moral responsibility.

Nelson failed to make his wife and terly defiant. The author says discerningly: "That reckless ardor which characterized him so magnificently in battle was ruthlessly applied to his domestic problems. His wife was in his way; she could expect no consideration. and he gave her none." When in company the aggrieved wife met the Admiral's mention of "dear Lady Ham-And the chivalrous reader feels himself in its commercial form only in looking on in this case at an unequal contest, the aggrieved lady against the redoubtable warrior; erring perhaps in her choice of means for dealing with his flery temperament, permitting herself to be made the bearer of the bur den of responsibility for the final severance, forced into a position of fatal initiative. "Take care, Fanny," said the Admiral, "take care what you say. I Clover and other biennial or perenspeak of her otherwise than with affect

"Thompson" was born.
In the first year of their separation. 1801, Lady Nelson wrote to her husband three times, once thanking him

land, than in his utterance after the ness and happiness" for his emergence we would not export a million tons unharmed from the Battle of the Baltic, and finally begging reconciliation. The Sure I am, had I commanded one last letter was returned to her. Of his

> My dear Fanny-We are arrived, heartily tired; and with kindest regards to my father and all the family, believe me your affectionate

The author of "Nelson in England" has drawn upon the standard authori-ties and the work of some recent writers, but her main dependence is the work of Clarke and McArthur (1809) upon which Southey based his and which is said to have been edited was a master of what is known in the sport colored parlance of to-day as the with unpardonable freedom. Her desport colored parlance of to-day as the scription of the home and the home life at Burnham Thorpe is good and pleasand unmistakable voice, the accent of ant, and she draws a most attractive Edmund, gentle, sweet tempered, "tremulous over trifles, easily put in 'a Fuss.' " and "fond of chatt from the Ladies," a writer of cheerful and charmfell to the lot of Nelson to do, for in 1797, in the battle of Cape St. Vincent, purchase by Government of the Roundwood, Nelson's cottage near Ipswich, lervis had "authority and influence, a to make and preserve it a national possupreme aptitude for organization and control, but he was lacking in tactical little lived in by the Admiral himself, insight." Nelson had "genius and all its and it seems that Burnham Thorpe, accompaniments; he needed the official where the old parsonage stands little backing and encouragement and under- changed except for slight works of resstanding which it was in his chief's toration and with certain memorabilia of the Nelsons, is the more fitting and The story of that battle who quite sufficient shrine and place of pil-

The book is not so much a development of a new phase of Nelsoniana as rearrangement of old materials with newly placed emphasis.

Every Man His Own Farmer.

Render unto Casar the things that are Cæsar's, and give back to the soil \$149.43 and \$149.96, while four coragain that which you have taken there- responding fields with two applications from might have been the motto of a defeat of a fee superior in numbers but little book called The Farm That \$229.37, \$221.30, \$229.20 and \$225.57 Won't Wear Out, by CYRIL G. HOPKINS, professor of agronomy in the Univer- of only 86 cents, 3 per cent. of its own sity of Illinois and chemist of that uni- cost; the phosphorus increased value versity's agricultural experiment sta- of product by \$76.50 an acre, more than tion (Pantagraph Printing and Stationery Company, Bloomington, Ill.). Here left the soil richer than it was in the The sad end of her marriage can is a book that will win its way straight hardly be laid to fault of hers, though to the heart of every farmer from the is a book that will win its way straight aided by her blameless deficiencies in Battery to The Bronx. The title is half from further irritation of our metropolof any book, and Prof. Hopkins has been itan Agricolas' already fevered imagina. either exceptionally clever or mighty lucky in hitting upon the most luring, bewitching and captivating combination of magic words that ever graced a title page. "The farm that won't wear out": it is that will o' the wisp "universal appeal" caught, chloroformed and pinned to the mortuary mat.

Every man knows all about farming. except perhaps the farmers. Every city man who reads at all reads articles on intensive farming, on "business efficiency" in the cultivation of the earth, on how to make two bushels grow where one grew before. The city man dreams on his fevered couch, not of of a whole host of well knotted probskyscraper sites or the papyrus products of "the Street," but of tile drain- the soil. age, of up to date traction tillage, of seed, soil, sile and fertilizer, of grains THE SPIRITS AND THE that grow into beef on the hoof: "the clod climbs to a soul in the" cow. But:

Tile drainage adds nothing to the soil land. More thorough tillage with improved the soil in comparison with the crops re-

The whole and the soul of the proinexhaustible, "this bureau of theorists," may I—indeed I do—beg that you board again. Leave it for captains withstanding. "The soil is the one inad just been made rear admirall, destruction of soils no less, to the contrary notclock yearly on June 24, which is hausted," say these false pretending experts, now shown up in their "Do you believe it?" That was the imnaked ignorance under the sarching light of pitiless publicity.

The result of long continued "soil his investment but is living on its principal. The first farmers attacked our virgin soil as though it were not susceptible to losses even through continu-ous cropping. The soil thinned, and reous cropping. The soil thinned, and re-course was had to relief by rotation of crops, growing each year a crop not in crops, growing each year a crop not injured by the excreta of the preceding one, so that by the time any one crop recurs in the series the soil will be, for it, practically new. And now most farmers believe that a crop of clover every three or four years will permanently maintain the fertility of the land: .

The fact that clover has grown for gen erations on the lands of the older Eastern the characters, and they and Mr States until the clover crop itself finanty Darneley have a great deal to say reabandoned is overlooked or forgotten by a rule young Giovanni spoke English present day farmers, especially by the descendants of those who have gone West and settled on new, rich lands.

Illinois professor, having planted his are." seeds of discouragement, now spreads rected him for that, but he passed it fertilizer of hope. As his formula of destruction is "exhaustion of the soil," when Mr. Darneley neglected to wind his open sesame is "the liberation of fertility." Plant food, the chemical elements essential to the growth of stalk PAUL THE FIRST her "rival" friends. His infatuation was and ear, exists abundantly in the soil. generally censured and he became bit- But it is there in insoluble compounds and solubility is the without-which-not on plant assimilation and nourishment. The elements of plant diet are carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, iron, sulphur, potassium, magnesium, calcium, phosphorus and nitrogen. Of these the professor expatiates most fully upon nitrogen, potassium and phosphorus as ilton" with an outburst of protest at haustive production lies. Carbon, oxythose in which the secret of non-exher lord was perfectly calm in his rebuke. Lady Nelson left the house and they never lived together again. It is they never lived together again. It is sium is a common element, easily lib-a penalty of high position that what erated by good systems of cultivation in lower life might pass over as a do-and in the main needing to be applied traordinary soils, peaty or silicon sandy In the form of ashes, marl or chalk lime is used to supply calcium and sometimes magnesium as plant food, to counteract "sourness," soil. Burned lime is usable, but ground limestone is safer and better.

love you sincerely; but I cannot forget nial legumes carry two-thirds of their obligations to Lady Hamilton, or nitrogen in the tops and only half as much in the roots; hay made from them tion or admiration." He played his part contains about forty pounds of nitromore coolly here than in passages of gen to the ton, four times the amoun qualities are essential in the tradition the ridiculous "Thompson" letters to in a ton of "average" farm manure. for naval heroes. Paul Jones, Perry on Lady Emma when Horatia Nelson It would require 400 tons of the manure to provide as much nitrogen to a forty

of phosphate rock a year, worth \$5,-000,000 at the mines, when that amount of that mineral applied to our lands would be worth not \$5,000,000 but \$1,000,000,000 for the production of food for the oncoming generations of Americans." Our export of phosphorus to Europe is enough for 1,400,000,000 bushels of wheat, twice the average annual crop. And we are getting 14 bushels to the acre, while Germany gets 29, Great Britain 33 and Denmark more than

forty on a decade average. On English land through a thirty-six year period crops not phosphated were worth \$432.43, where those of land otherwise similar but treated phosphorus were worth \$662.82; and the phosphate that caused the increase of \$230.39 cost \$29.52. An investment picture of the fine old father, the Rev. of \$3.28 an acre every four years paid back \$25.60 in the four crops; 680 per cent. Interest. American experiments showed for the use of ground raw rock phosphate worth \$1.961/2 increases in crop units of corn, wheat and hay aggregating \$22.11. Let the farmers of Manhattan, skilled in the mathematics of increment, calculate for farms with acreage in three or four figures. As the professor says, however, he is not trying to prove that farming is profitable, but only that, if farm you must, the mixture of brain with brawn and of phosphorus with field soil is desirable. The case is cited of an Illinois farmer

who compared four fields in which potassium was supplied with four othervise alike but without such addition over a ten year period. The values for the unaided soil were \$148.75, \$151.80, \$229.37 and \$221.30, and for the assisted fields \$149.43, \$149.96, \$229.20 and \$225.57. In the same ten year period four fields without phosphorio stimulus yielded \$148.75, \$151.30, of the mineral in the ten years gave The potassium gave increased values of only 86 cents, 3 per cent. of its own 300 per cent. on the investment, and beginning.

The figures are tempting. We refrain tions. We cannot stand sponsor for the performing percentages of our friend in the middle West; they caught our eye. and we have passed them on for what they are worth. Many topics discussed in the book interestingly, not to say vividly, we have not touched at all

This is a book of one idea, professedly so. Before yielding to the sway of the phosphorous Eldorado we advise our visionary would-be farmers to consider earnestly the written words of other equally competent litterateurs of the cornlands as to such matters as labor, for instance, typically suggestive lems that harass the adoptive sons of

OLD ITALIAN CLOCK

Richard Bagot's story of "Darneout of which crops are made, but only per-mits the removal of more fertility in the with mysterious powers. There was the larger crops produced on the well drained clock. Mr. Darneley needed to be parimplements of cultivation is merely "work-ing the land for all that's in it." The use ticular in attending to this old Ital vanni Rossano, started when he heard of better seed produces larger crops, but only at the expense of the soil. Even the farm manure • • • adds but little to felt a sensation of mental discomfort. The stroke was an imitation of Italian Clover, as commonly pro- church bells ringing for the dead duced and harvested, adds little or no nitro- Painted upon the clock was a series of indelicate pictures, and the striking of the instrument was an iron. fessor's thesis is that the soil is not in these. Furthermore, engraved upon the United States Government bureau the dial, a rhymed couplet informed destructible, immutable asset. • • St. John's Day (in England Mic the one resource that cannot be ex- summer Day), and that failing it port of Giovanni's somewhat more roundabout inquiry. Mr. Darneley replied that he believed the clock to be the production of a very powerful inrobbing and land ruin" is that the American farmer is not drawing interest on stances the threat on the dial had been fulfilled. It is made plain in the story that he was careful to be on hand to wind the clock on St. John's Day.

Mr. Darneley himself had extraordi taken place many years before. In Italy in his youth he had done remarkable things as a medium. had had also a love adventure, with the consequence that he had been cursed by a Sicilian countess and pursued by assassins. The story has its scene in land and in Italy. A Cardinal and a Roman professor are included among Darneley have a great deal to say reone or two lapses. "Then you also are a Catholic, I mean a believing Catholic Hence, iconoclast: hither, architect of not merely—how shall I say?—an of-agricultural fate and fortunes! The ficial Catholic like most of we Italians Mr. Darneley should have corwhen Mr. Darneley neglected to wind the clock. The omission was fatal

AND ENSIGN "KII" The following grimly humorous story old by K. Waliszewski in his book Paul I., Son of Catherine the Great" (Lippincotts) is one of the many which throw a new light on that unhappy

monarch's character: "The final syllable (kij) of the word paraporchtchikij (cornets) was in a certain report carried over from one page to another. The Emperor took for a proper name and moved by caprice he gave orders that Ensign K should be promoted to the rank of lie tenant. He saw an expression of embarrassment and disappointment on the faces of the staff, who did not dare explain his error, so the next day he promoted the lieutenant of the day before to the rank of captain and some days later to that of colonel, demanding that the officer should be presented to him at once. There was consternation everywhere; the offices were turns! upside down in the search of the imag inary Kij. A subaltern of the name. something like it, was found in on of the regiments quartered on the Don He was sent for, but Paul grew impatient and in the end he had to be told that Kij had been carried off suddenly by a stroke. 'That is a pity,' observed the Czar; 'he was a good soldier.'" Paul I. was considered by many

historians as mentally unbalanced and many facts in his career, such as re-lated in the above story, seem to point acre field as would be supplied by to that deduction. Mr. Waliszewski, ploughing under two and a half tons of however, finds much to indicate that made from the demeanor of the middle personal presidence was Lord floratio, ball tilled tille he was the victim of time and circumcovered a great deal of new material